effect, among all these signs of fallenness, he remarked her "complexion that is only too evidently made-in-Canada" (22).

Then, superficial as his own analysis was, Clarke accused her of superficiality. He doubted that she even had any emotions, but felt certain that if she did they were "so shallow that it is scarcely possible to notice them" (22). Clarke obviously had difficulty noticing them.

He similarly failed to notice that "Betsy" had any sense of morality, although she at least admitted that she was "immoral" (22). The word that Clarke used to characterize her particular form of immorality, her "capitalization" of her beauty, offered an obvious connection between her personal immorality and that of the society that exploited her labour by day and her sexuality by night. But Clarke declined to explore such nnections, if he noticed them at all, his allegiance evidently being entirely with the factory supervisors to whom she is "a stumbling block to the efficiency of the plant" (22). Such connections, and incriminations, are implicit throughout Clarke's essay, which easily lends itself to reversal: the interviewer interviewed by his interviewee, albeit posthumously, and all the more effectively because unwittingly. It is arguable that Clarke did not read his own "interview" any more sympathetically, or carefully, than some of his patients' Case Files above. He really was unsubtle.

The irony becomes all the more obvious when one realizes that Clarke is actually afraid of Betsy as a perpetrator of "almost irreparable harm to the community" (22). Assuming the stance of a cautious reformer of popular stereotypes, challenging the depiction of such women in the popular media as more intelligent than they really are (23), while (of course) exploiting and reinforcing such stereotypes, he urges us to see "Betsy" as she "really" is: "a hideous skeleton in the cupboard of civilization" (23). Fearing her himself, he warns us to beware of her type as it includes "the developing paranoids who are nursing ideas of persecutions and flitting here and there to get away from their imaginary enemies" (22). But who is afraid? Who is paranoid? The case of "Jennie" is similar. A "high grade moron," her animal energy and good looks compensate for mental deficiency. After she tires of stuffing chocolates boxes at sixteen dollars a week and takes to "a pretty continuous life of immorality," she could "easily corrupt a whole circle of weaklings if left to her own devices" (41)) and is "as dangerous as dynamite in the community" (42) -- till she is institutionalized.